

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

**IT FALLS HEAVILY UPON THOUSANDS OF
POOR SHOE-WORKERS.**

**How They Labor in Cellars and Garrets,
Breathing Stifling Air and Trying to
Live on Miserable Wages—The Abuse of
the "Sweaters?"—Immediate Relief De-
manded for These Workers.**

THE EVENING WORLD, since its establish-
ment nearly a year ago, has from time to time
published many articles showing the real
condition of the industrial classes of this
great metropolis, and it has thus become the
recognized champion of the toilers and

There is a class of workers in this city not generally known as among the poor and downtrodden, but a careful inquiry exhibits them as among the hardest toilers and among the poorest paid. They are those

In New York there are 6,000 persons, of all ages and both sexes, who are employed in making shoes. Of this number 5,000 have been numbered as members of organizations, but owing to troubles and strikes and lock-outs there have been many withdrawals from the societies, of which District Assembly No. 91, of the Knights of Labor, is the largest.

man. The wages of the skilled workers on whom it is known as team work, being on an average of \$35 a week per man, and on "turned" work \$29 a week, and hours of labor are nine and ten a day for this class of shoe-workers, and they are kept pretty steadily employed forty-four weeks in a year.

The busy season begins in February and continues briskly until July, when it becomes dull and many laundries lay off. Then the work opens again in September and continues active until New Year's.

But the skilled and better paid workers in the large factories are but few compared with those in the east-side shops, down in the

B, and Third, Fifth, Houston and other streets. Crowded in illy ventilated rooms in the tenement-house buildings are from twenty to thirty men, women, boys and girls, who work from sixteen to eighteen hours a day for mere pittance. The best average is \$9 a week for adults, while minors receive from \$3 to \$4 each.

There are many men who have families of three, four and more little children to support. Their main earnings received from the contractors of the army are obtained from their orders from large houses and factories. These sweaters take the work at pretty low figures, and consequently derive their profits from poor persons, who are obliged to accept the work or go hungry.

In these cheap shops the employees are mostly Hungarians and Poles, with a small sprinkling of Germans. These people live

and necessary of life. They live in the tall and badly ventilated tenements in the neighborhood of the shops where the work is done. Sometimes there are four or five families with scarcely furniture and utensils enough to get along, and as a result of the toll of mothers and fathers, children are neglected and often starved.

Efforts have been made from time to time by some of the labor leaders to bring about a better condition of affairs, but they have proved futile and the abuse of the "sweaters" go on uninterruptedly.

BILL'S YELLOW FEVER YARN.

An Old Sailor's Story of a Remedy for the Plague.

While standing on the Battery sea wall, the other evening, an EVENING WOMAN reporter was accosted by an old grizzled man, dressed in the garb of an emigrant laborer.

"Yes, they are having pretty tough times down in Florida," the old salt said, "and there will be many who will go to see Davy in his locker, before a good wind blows again."

"Well; I should say I have," answered the old sailor, "and if you'll believe it, I had it on shipboard and got cured in a fortnight. Come over here on this bench and I will tell you."

The reporter went over and for half an hour sat and listened to the old sailor's narrative.

"You see, it was way back in the thirties when I was taken sick. I had been stranded at Savannah and had shipped on an American bark for a trip to England. Well, there were ten other men in the forecabin besides me, and when we were off there were five other men. That exception was 'young un,' who the captain had taken on board a few minutes before we had loosened our hold from the dock."

"Come aboard, and when we inquired his record he said that his folks lived way back in the State in the swamp. That fellow was a sort of a delicate chap, and

turn at watch, we didn't think anything about it. The first mate, who was a kind of a "sawbones," went below and looked at the thing. When he came back, he told the captain something in a whisper we kind of thought there was something suspicious about the case.

"The rest of the crew talked it over that night on watch and it was determined to find out what was the matter with the land lubber. I was picked out to brace the mate, and when he came on deck early the next morning I was with him and an anchor.

"Say here, Jim, what's the matter with Bob here? We want to know."

"Very well, boys, I suppose you will find out sooner or later, but here goes. The fellow has got the yellow fever.

four days later, when I had a queer feeling, and, leaving my watch, went downstairs. When I got down I didn't get up in a hurry, for as soon as I struck my berth I laid down, and oh, what pains. The first mate came down to see me, and before he left I knew Yellow Jack had caught another lad.

"Early the next morning I felt rather pleasant, but I was not sure of the forecast. The last one carried a piece of canvas, and I naturally thought the poor chap in the next berth had died. But when I opened the door and saw him up and about, I said, 'Bill, we are going either to cure or kill you and Bob.'

"I told him how, and he said one of the seamen who was a South American had spoken of the way South Americans cured their yellow-fever patients by ducking them in the sea. I thought I might as well try. The South American had assured them that it was a sure cure, and they had decided on trying it. I told him I would do it if he would go first. He said he would, and they wrapped him in the canvas first and tied him. They then took him on deck, and in a few minutes he was back unconscious.

"Then they tied me in the canvas and took me on deck. Then I remember being lowered down and down till I thought they were never going to stop, when all of a sudden I lost consciousness, and when I recovered I was lying in the bunk. The first mate asked me how I felt and I told him immensely. He said that the other fellow had improved and was, no doubt, feeling all right. From that time, both of us recovered so fast that at the end of a week or ten days we were on deck again."